GOLD KEY

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

ROD SERLING

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THE TWILIGHT ZONE

The jester made the king laugh a thousand times...the last laugh was a fools delight!

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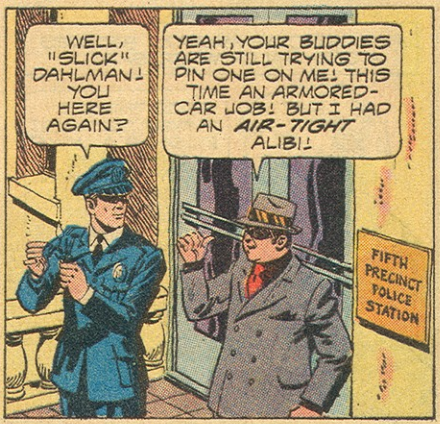
DAY AFTER DAY, OFFICER MALLARD IS PURSUED BY THE VISION OF THAT FATHERLESS BABY AND A MOCKING VOICE...
DADA? DADA? DADA?
OFFICER MURDERER!
WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR HIS NOT SEEING THE HURRYING MAN UNTIL THE MOMENT OF IMPACT...
OOOF!
WHOMP!
DRUGS
MY FAULT! WASN'T LOOKING! HERE, LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND!
I'M OKAY! SKIP IT! LEMME ALONE!
CANDIES
THEN, AS MALLARD'S EYES CHANCE TO GLANCE INTO THE OTHER MAN'S, A BIZARRE IMAGE FORMS...
Y-Y-YOU DON'T LOOK TOO WELL! LET'S STEP INTO THIS DRUGSTORE!
NO! I'M OKAY! I DON'T WANT TO GO— ANYWHERE!

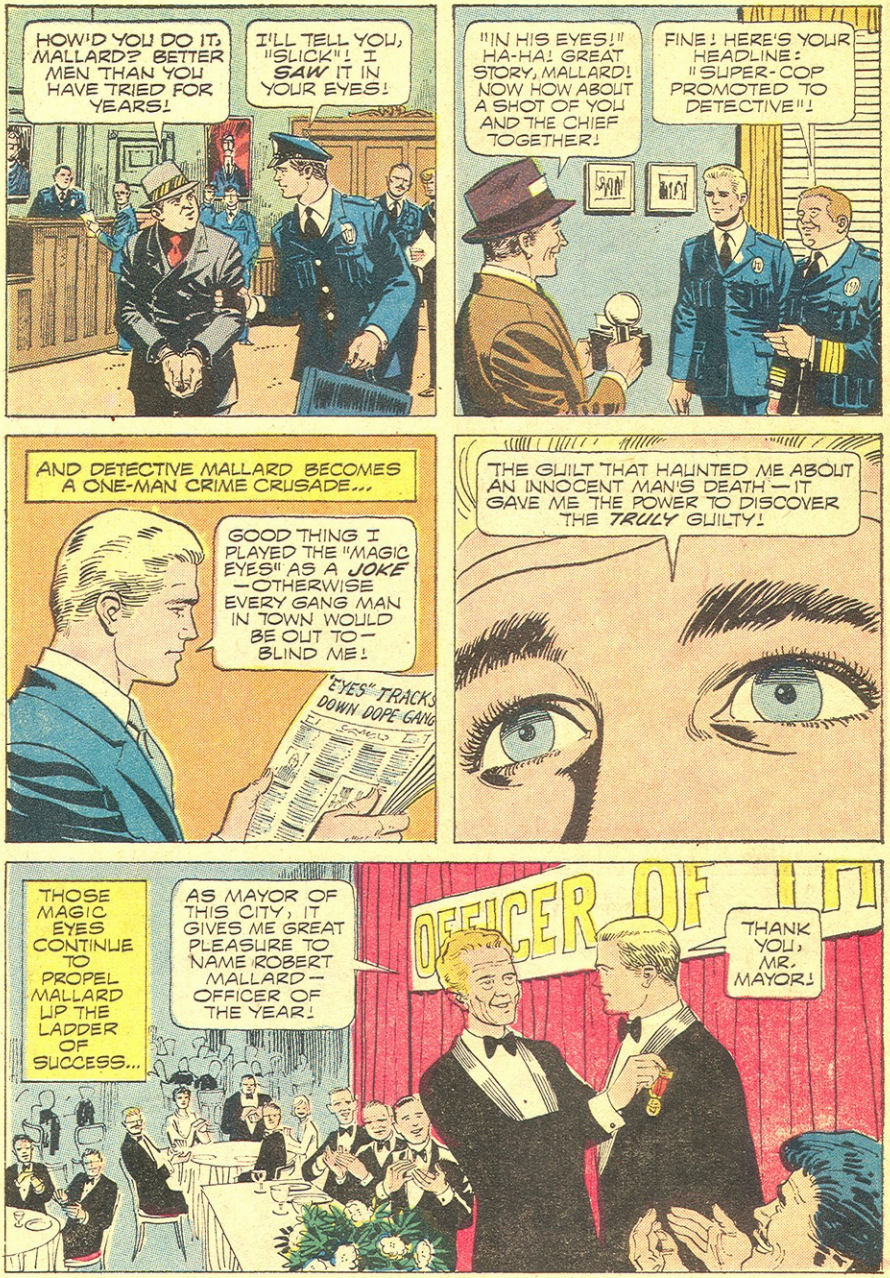
THE DRUGGIST—GUNNED DOWN! JUST THE WAY I SAW IT IN THIS GUY'S EYES!
YOU KNEW IT, DIDN'T YOU, COPPER? HOW DID YOU? HOW?

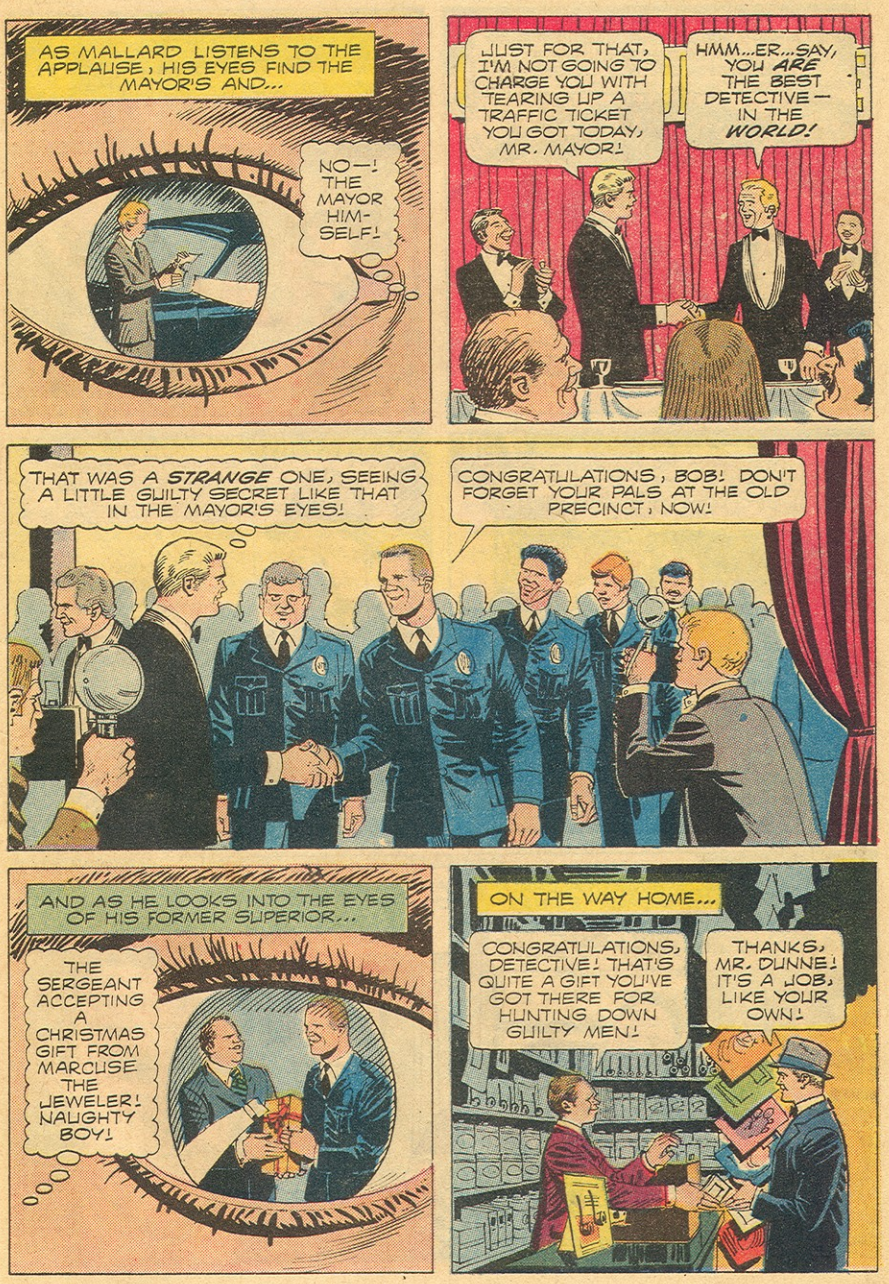
NICE WORK, MALLARD! YOU'VE GOT THE MAKINGS OF A FIRST-CLASS DETECTIVE!
I COULDN'T TELL HIM ABOUT "SEEING" THE CRIME IN THAT KILLER'S EYES! THEY'D SEND ME BACK TO THE DOCTOR!


WELL, "SLICK" DAHLMAN! YOU HERE AGAIN?
YEAH, YOUR BUDDIES ARE STILL TRYING TO PIN ONE ON ME! THIS TIME AN ARMORED-CAR JOB! BUT I HAD AN AIR-TIGHT ALIBI!
FIFTH PRECINCT POLICE STATION

ONCE MORE MALLARD'S EYES ARE IRRESISTIBLY DRAWN TO THE OTHER MAN'S...
IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN—AN IMAGE IN HIS EYE! BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
109

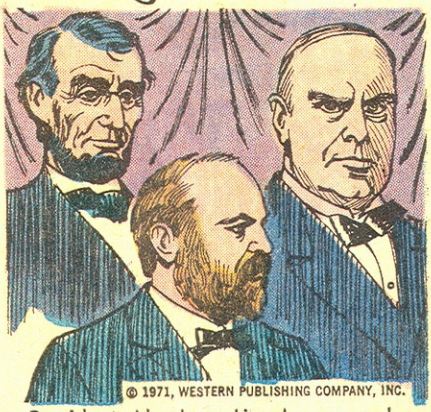
THE POLICEMAN CAN'T SHAKE THE EERIE EXPERIENCE, AND SOON HE IS SEARCHING EVERY PUBLIC LOCKER AREA...
I SAW IT! I SAW THE PLACE WHERE DAHLMAN STASHED THE LOOT! MY EYES CAN SEE A MAN'S GUILTIEST SECRETS!
109


HOW'D YOU DO IT, MALLARD? BETTER MEN THAN YOU HAVE TRIED FOR YEARS!
I'LL TELL YOU, "SLICK"! I SAW IT IN YOUR EYES!
"IN HIS EYES!" HA-HA! GREAT STORY, MALLARD! NOW HOW ABOUT A SHOT OF YOU AND THE CHIEF TOGETHER!
FINE! HERE'S YOUR HEADLINE: "SUPER-COP PROMOTED TO DETECTIVE"!
AND DETECTIVE MALLARD BECOMES A ONE-MAN CRIME CRUSADE...
GOOD THING I PLAYED THE "MAGIC EYES" AS A JOKE —OTHERWISE EVERY GANG MAN IN TOWN WOULD BE OUT TO— BLIND ME!
"EYES" TRACKS DOWN DOPE GANG
THE GUILT THAT HAUNTED ME ABOUT AN INNOCENT MAN'S DEATH — IT GAVE ME THE POWER TO DISCOVER THE TRULY GUILTY!
THOSE MAGIC EYES CONTINUE TO PROPEL MALLARD UP THE LADDER OF SUCCESS...
AS MAYOR OF THIS CITY, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO NAME ROBERT MALLARD — OFFICER OF THE YEAR!
OFFICER OF
THANK YOU, MR. MAYOR!


AS MALLARD LISTENS TO THE APPLAUSE, HIS EYES FIND THE MAYOR'S AND...
NO—! THE MAYOR HIM-SELF!
JUST FOR THAT, I'M NOT GOING TO CHARGE YOU WITH TEARING UP A TRAFFIC TICKET YOU GOT TODAY, MR. MAYOR!
HMM...ER...SAY, YOU ARE THE BEST DETECTIVE — IN THE WORLD!
THAT WAS A STRANGE ONE, SEEING A LITTLE GUILTY SECRET LIKE THAT IN THE MAYOR'S EYES!
CONGRATULATIONS, BOB! DON'T FORGET YOUR PALS AT THE OLD PRECINCT, NOW!
AND AS HE LOOKS INTO THE EYES OF HIS FORMER SUPERIOR...
THE SERGEANT ACCEPTING A CHRISTMAS GIFT FROM MARCUSE THE JEWELER! NAUGHTY BOY!
ON THE WAY HOME...
CONGRATULATIONS, DETECTIVE! THAT'S QUITE A GIFT YOU'VE GOT THERE FOR HUNTING DOWN GUILTY MEN!
THANKS, MR. DUNNE! IT'S A JOB, LIKE YOUR OWN!

DUNNE! HE KEEPS TWO SETS OF BUSINESS LEDGERS! HE'S CHEATING ON HIS TAXES!
AND ALL THE WAY HOME...
THAT MAN — HE GAMBLES TWICE A WEEK! LIES TO HIS WIFE ABOUT IT!
THAT WOMAN'S AN ACTRESS! SHE'S PRETENDING TO LOVE THAT OLD PRODUCER FOR A PART IN HIS PLAY!
STOP IT! I DON'T WANT THIS POWER ANY MORE! EVERY PERSON HAS SOME GUILTY SECRET! I DON'T WANT TO KNOW THEM! NO MORE! NO MORE!
YOU MUST BELIEVE ME, MALLARD! YOU'RE NOT PHYSICALLY BLIND! IT'S SOME FORM OF HYSTERIA! I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT— YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE!
AHHH, BUT IT'S SIMPLE, DOCTOR! DETECTIVE MALLARD JUST STARED TOO DEEPLY INTO—THE TWILIGHT ZONE!
the END

Harbinger of Death



President Abraham Lincoln was a believer in the supernatural. After the death of his youngest son he attended several seances in an attempt to contact the spirit world. Indeed, in a dream Lincoln even saw himself lying in a coffin, dead of an assassin's bullet.

This contact with the world of the occult was part of the inheritance the martyred President handed on to his son, Robert Todd Lincoln. Young Robert Lincoln was a captain in the Union Army at the time of his father's death. Robert was at the White House when he received word that the President had been shot while visiting Ford's Theatre. Racing to the scene, he arrived to see his stricken father being borne from the theatre. "The President is badly wounded," Robert was told, "but there is hope!"

However, a strange premonition told Robert that his father would not survive. Lincoln died soon afterward.

Long years afterward Robert Lincoln was appointed Secretary of War in the cabinet of newly-elected President John Garfield. On July 2, 1881, President Garfield started on his way to a meeting in New Jersey. He entered the Baltimore and Potomac railway station in Washington. It was there that he was ambushed by the deranged lawyer, Charles Guiteau. Two bullets struck Garfield, but they missed vital spots.

Meanwhile, Robert Lincoln was hurrying to the railroad station to meet President Garfield. Lincoln was scheduled to accompany the President on his New Jersey trip, but he was planning to express his regrets because he had important business in Washington. He reached the station just as litter bearers were bringing the wounded Garfield from the building.

"The President is wounded, but he will live," Robert Lincoln was told. And with those words he felt an eerie foreboding. Years before, when he had seen his father being borne out of Ford's Theatre, he had been told the same thing.

Robert Lincoln's premonition of disaster was borne out. After weeks of torment President Garfield died of infection.

Lincoln was deeply troubled by the uncanny coincidence. He tried to console himself that his presence at both the assassinations was just an accident. But was it?

On September 6, 1901, President William McKinley was at Buffalo, New York, planning to speak at the Pan American Exposition. America had already lost two presidents through assassination. McKinley therefore was guarded by several Secret Service detectives. Finishing his address, McKinley was surrounded by a crowd. Among the throng was Leon Czolgosz who carried a tiny derringer concealed under a bandage on his right hand. Pushing up to the President, Czolgosz fired two bullets. The first one was deflected by a vest button. The second bullet wounded McKinley seriously.

But how did this concern Robert Lincoln? As a prominent citizen Lincoln had been invited to the speaker's platform on that day in Buffalo. Blocked by thousands of milling people, Lincoln was late for the appointment. But once again he arrived as the stricken President was being carried to a waiting ambulance.

This ghastly series of coincidences haunted Robert Lincoln for the rest of his life. He was the only person who had been present at three presidential assassinations. To his dying day he was convinced that he was a harbinger of death.

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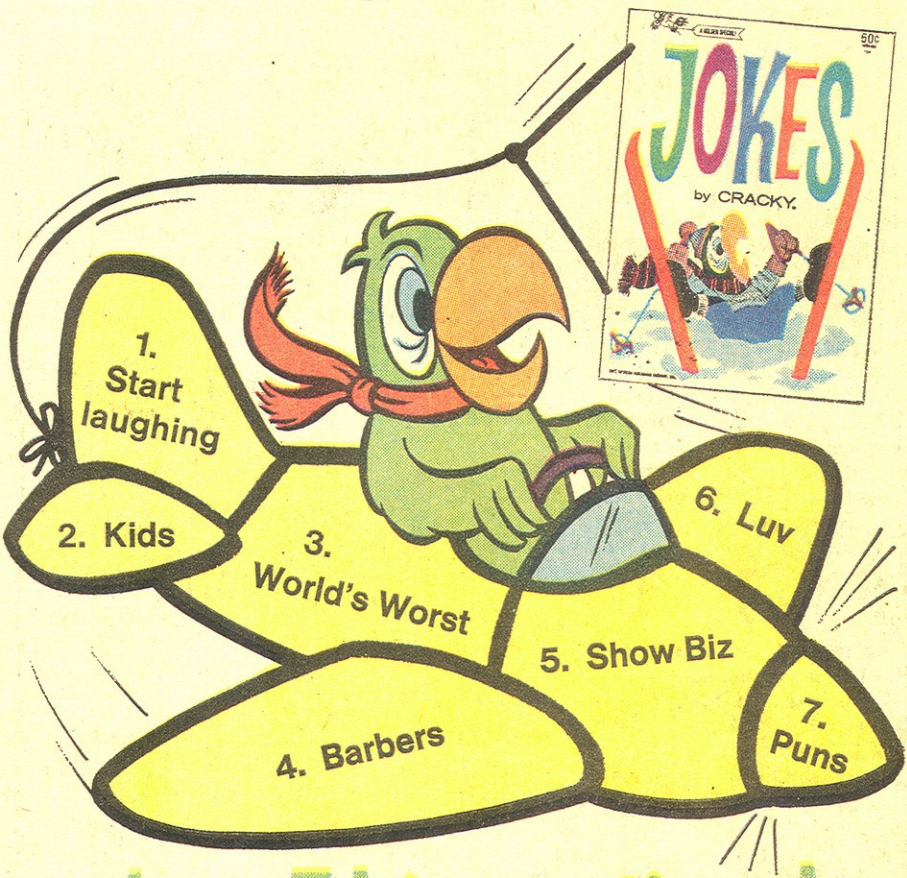

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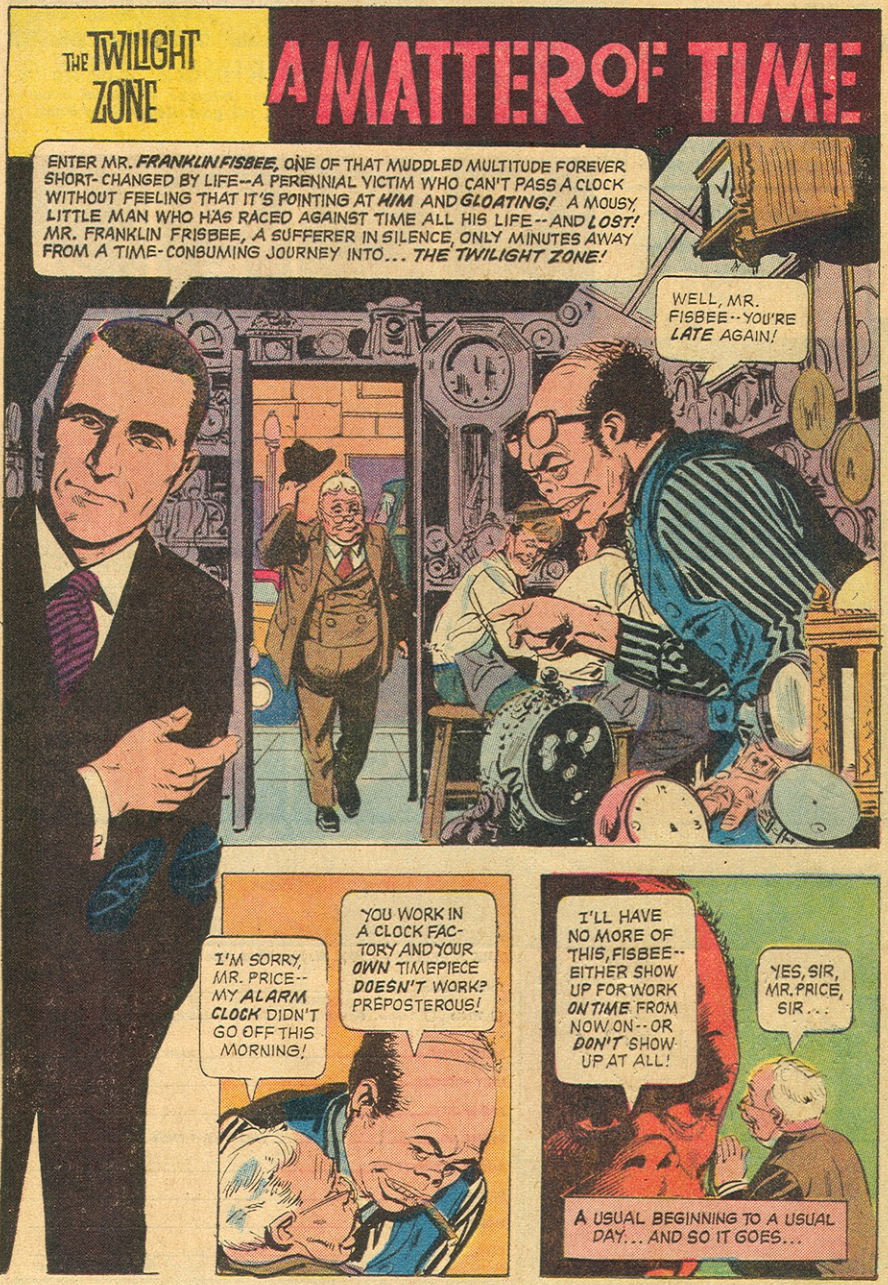
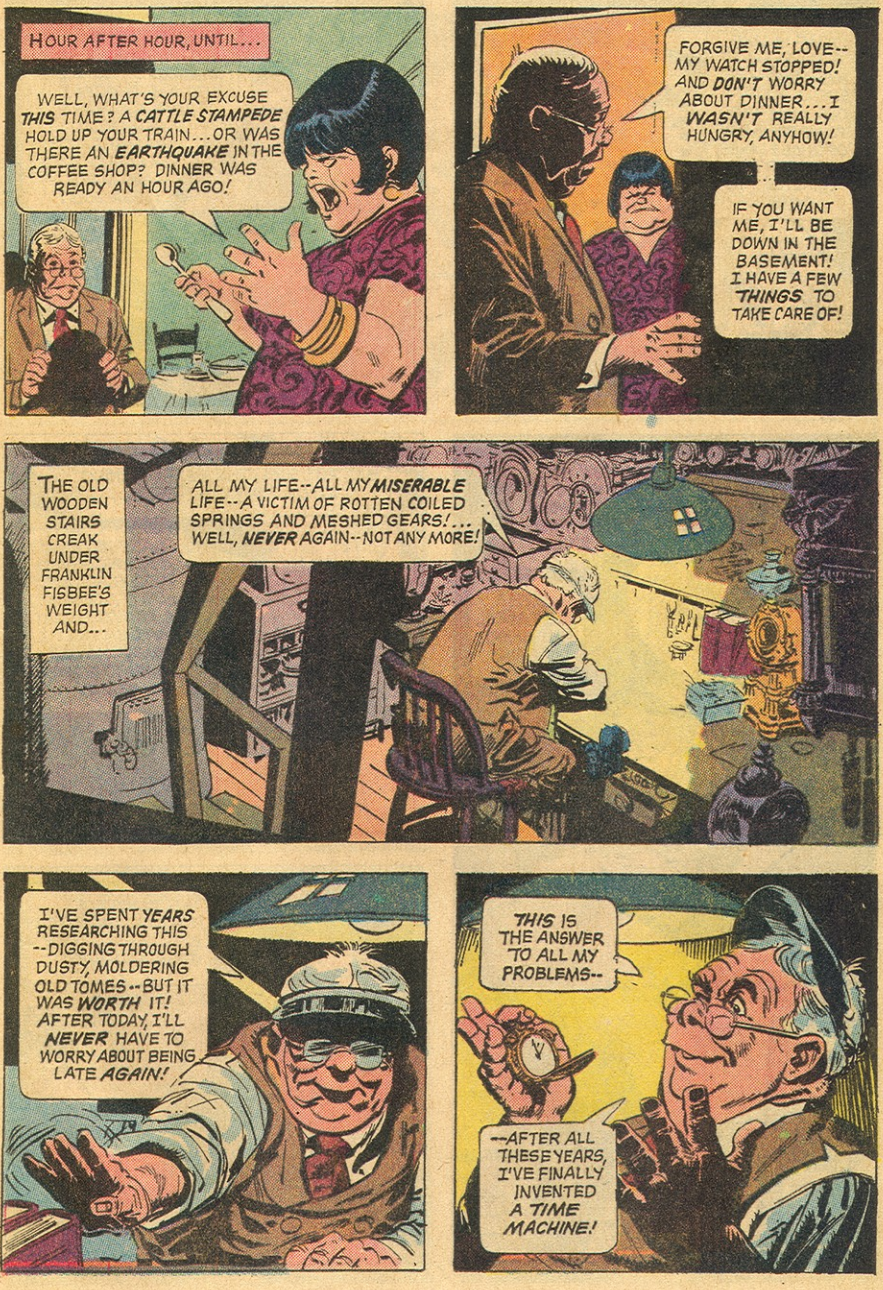
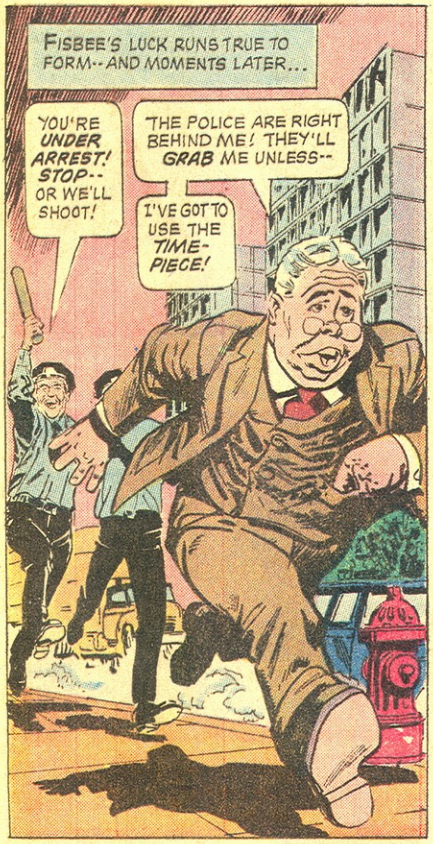

THE TWILIGHT ZONE
A MATTER OF TIME
ENTER MR. FRANKLIN FISBEE, ONE OF THAT MUDDLED MULTITUDE FOREVER SHORT-CHANGED BY LIFE--A PERENNIAL VICTIM WHO CAN'T PASS A CLOCK WITHOUT FEELING THAT IT'S POINTING AT HIM AND GLOATING! A MOUSY LITTLE MAN WHO HAS RACED AGAINST TIME ALL HIS LIFE--AND LOST! MR. FRANKLIN FRISBEE, A SUFFERER IN SILENCE, ONLY MINUTES AWAY FROM A TIME-CONSUMING JOURNEY INTO... THE TWILIGHT ZONE!
WELL, MR. FISBEE--YOU'RE LATE AGAIN!
I'M SORRY, MR. PRICE--MY ALARM CLOCK DIDN'T GO OFF THIS MORNING!
YOU WORK IN A CLOCK FACTORY AND YOUR OWN TIMEPIECE DOESN'T WORK? PREPOSTEROUS!
I'LL HAVE NO MORE OF THIS, FISBEE--EITHER SHOW UP FOR WORK ON TIME FROM NOW ON--OR DON'T SHOW UP AT ALL!
YES, SIR, MR. PRICE, SIR...
A USUAL BEGINNING TO A USUAL DAY... AND SO IT GOES...


HOUR AFTER HOUR, UNTIL...
WELL, WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE THIS TIME? A CATTLE STAMPEDE HOLD UP YOUR TRAIN...OR WAS THERE AN EARTHQUAKE IN THE COFFEE SHOP? DINNER WAS READY AN HOUR AGO!
FORGIVE ME, LOVE--MY WATCH STOPPED! AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT DINNER...I WASN'T REALLY HUNGRY, ANYHOW!
IF YOU WANT ME, I'LL BE DOWN IN THE BASEMENT! I HAVE A FEW THINGS TO TAKE CARE OF!
THE OLD WOODEN STAIRS CREAK UNDER FRANKLIN FISBEE'S WEIGHT AND...
ALL MY LIFE--ALL MY MISERABLE LIFE--A VICTIM OF ROTTEN COILED SPRINGS AND MESHED GEARS!... WELL, NEVER AGAIN--NOT ANY MORE!
I'VE SPENT YEARS RESEARCHING THIS--DIGGING THROUGH DUSTY, MOLDERING OLD TOMES--BUT IT WAS WORTH IT! AFTER TODAY, I'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BEING LATE AGAIN!
THIS IS THE ANSWER TO ALL MY PROBLEMS--
--AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I'VE FINALLY INVENTED A TIME MACHINE!

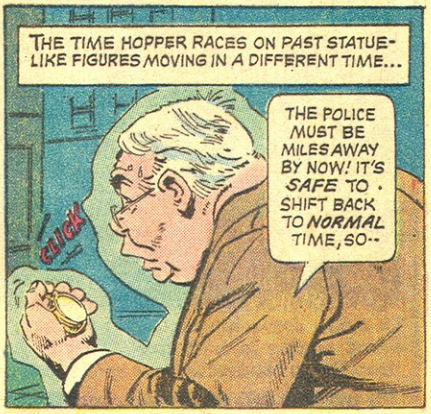
TIME IS LIKE A MULTI-LANED HIGHWAY-- WE SPEND ALL OF OUR LIVES TRAVELING DOWN ONE OF THOSE LANES, PASSING THE MINUTES AND DAYS...
BUT WITH THIS LITTLE MARVEL, I CAN CHANGE LANES--SHIFT INTO A DIFFERENT TIME CONTINUUM, WHERE I CAN MOVE AT A FASTER RATE OF TIME --AND MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME IN OUR WORLD!
FRANKLIN! GET TO BED! IF YOU'RE LATE FOR WORK ONE MORE TIME, I'LL--
LATE? NOT ME!... NOT EVER AGAIN!
BUT, AS USUAL, THE NEXT MORNING FINDS FRANKLIN FISBEE...
LATE AGAIN! MR. PRICE SAID HE'D HAVE MY JOB IF... WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT AM I SAYING? I DON'T HAVE A THING TO WORRY ABOUT!
THE TIMEPIECE! IT'S STILL UNTESTED! BUT... WELL, HERE GOES NOTHING!
CLICK

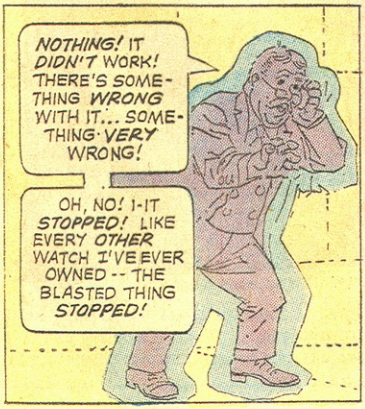
THERE IS A SUDDEN SHIFTING, A BLURRING OF FOCUS AND THEN...
IT WORKED! IT WORKED! I'M MOVING THROUGH A DIFFERENT TIME FLOW!... EVERYONE AROUND ME SEEMS TO BE STANDING STILL--BUT THEY'RE ONLY MOVING IN ANOTHER TIME!
FRANKLIN FISBEE RACES DOWN THE STREET--UNTIL, AT HIS OFFICE DOOR...
CLICK
I'M EARLY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS! MR. PRICE WILL FALL OUT OF HIS CHAIR!
BUT AS THE TRAVELER IN TIME WALKS INTO THE ROOM...
FISBEE! COME INTO MY OFFICE! I'D LIKE A FEW WORDS WITH YOU!
IS SOMETHING WRONG, MR. PRICE? I AM ON TIME TODAY!
I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT, FISBEE! AN INVENTORY WAS TAKEN LAST WEEK AND WE FOUND THAT YOUR DEPARTMENT WAS SHORT SEVERAL VALUABLE PIECES!
MY DEPARTMENT, SIR?
OH! DON'T PLAY INNOCENT WITH ME, FISBEE! WE CHECKED YOU OUT...AND YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TOOK THEM! WHY, FISBEE--WHY?

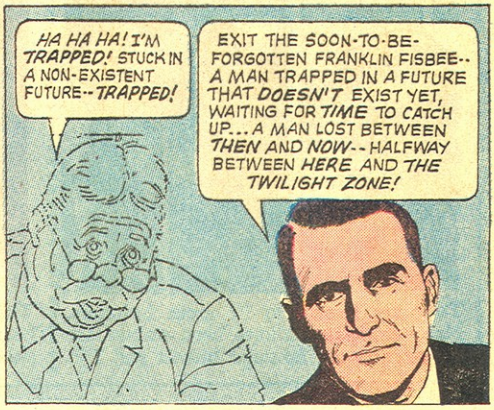
MR. PRICE, PLEASE--I ONLY INTENDED T-TO BORROW THEM! I'VE BEEN WORKING ON SOMETHING SPECIAL! I--I WAS GOING T-TO TELL YOU! I--
DON'T COME CRAWLING NOW, FISBEE--IT'S TOO LATE! YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THE CONSEQUENCES BEFOREHAND!
MR. PRICE--YOU CAN'T JUST BRUSH ME OFF LIKE THIS! I DESERVE A CHANCE T-TO EXPLAIN!
ALL YOU DESERVE IS A CELL! NOW LET GO OF ME!... TAKE YOUR HAND OFF--
WITH A VIOLENT TWIST, PRICE WRENCHES FREE OF FISBEE'S GRASP, BUT...
THUNK
IN
OUT
MR. PRICE! HE LOST HIS BALANCE... AND IT'S MY FAULT!
KNEELING BESIDE THE CRUMPLED BODY, FISBEE DISCOVERS...
H-HE'S DEAD! AND I KILLED HIM!
WH-WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
MR. PRICE!... EEEEEEEE!!!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! WHY DO THINGS ALWAYS GO WRONG?


FISBEE'S LUCK RUNS TRUE TO FORM--AND MOMENTS LATER...
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! STOP-- OR WE'LL SHOOT!
THE POLICE ARE RIGHT BEHIND ME! THEY'LL GRAB ME UNLESS--
I'VE GOT TO USE THE TIME-PIECE!

PALMING THE TIME WARPER, FISBEE PRESSES THE STUD AND...
IT WORKED AGAIN! I'VE SHIFTED INTO PARALLEL TIME! THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CATCH ME NOW!


THE TIME HOPPER RACES ON PAST STATUE-LIKE FIGURES MOVING IN A DIFFERENT TIME...
THE POLICE MUST BE MILES AWAY BY NOW! IT'S SAFE TO SHIFT BACK TO NORMAL TIME, SO--
CLICK


NOTHING! IT DIDN'T WORK! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH IT... SOMETHING VERY WRONG!
OH, NO! I-IT STOPPED! LIKE EVERY OTHER WATCH I'VE EVER OWNED -- THE BLASTED THING STOPPED!

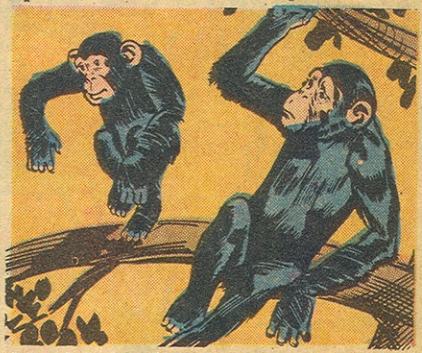

HA HA HA! I'M TRAPPED! STUCK IN A NON-EXISTENT FUTURE--TRAPPED!
EXIT THE SOON-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN FRANKLIN FISBEE-- A MAN TRAPPED IN A FUTURE THAT DOESN'T EXIST YET, WAITING FOR TIME TO CATCH UP... A MAN LOST BETWEEN THEN AND NOW--HALFWAY BETWEEN HERE AND THE TWILIGHT ZONE!

KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

THE CHIMPANZEE

Chimpanzee, the most intelligent and advanced of all the animals, is an African ape, which is related to the gorilla family.

In thick, dense jungles, chimpanzees are found nesting in high trees. They sometimes live in bands of as many as 40 animals.



One of the jungle's greatest wanderers, they often roam far and wide through the jungle hunting fruit, eggs and insects for food.

They are known to be great imitators. Many chimpanzees have been trained for appearances on the stage, movies and TV.

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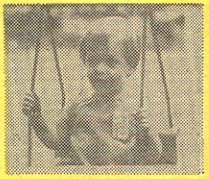

YOUR CHILD

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PHOTO
☐ JIGSAW PUZZLES
☐ PHOTO DARTBOARDS
☐ PICTURE WATCH

TOTAL REMITTANCES $

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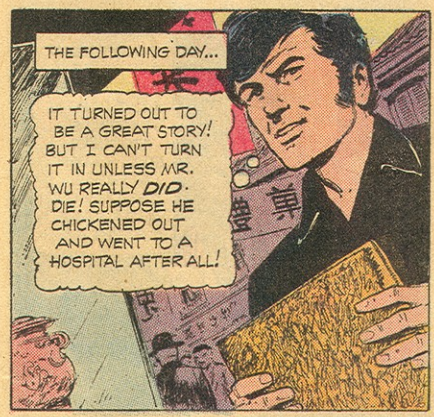
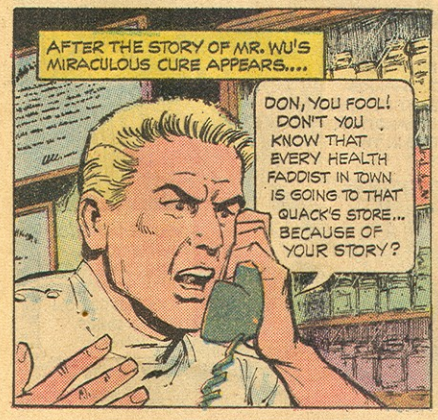
THE MAGIC HERB
THAT'S IT, MARTY, THE LAST CHINESE DRUGSTORE IN THE CITY! MY EDITOR FIGURED IT WOULD MAKE A COLORFUL STORY!
AND YOU FIGURED 'OLD DR. MARTIN COULD TELL YOU ALL ABOUT CHINESE PHARMACOLOGY, EH? SORRY, DON, I DON'T KNOW MUCH!
© 1971, WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.
THEY USE HERBAL MEDICINES! WE'VE ADOPTED SOME---QUININE AND RAUWOLFIA, FOR EXAMPLE! BUT THE REST ARE USELESS!
THEY GET RESULTS THROUGH FAITH HEALING, EH? SODA POP WILL CURE SOME CONDITIONS, IF THE PATIENT BELIEVES ENOUGH!
SOME DRUGSTORE! IF THE PATIENT ISN'T DYING ALREADY, THIS PLACE WOULD SCARE HIM TO DEATH!
GENTLEMEN, I AM MR. WU, PROPRIETOR OF THIS HUMBLE DISPENSARY! HOWEVER, I CAN SELL YOU NOTHING TODAY!
I AM A REPORTER, MR. WU! I JUST WANT TO INTERVIEW YOU!
I AM NOT WELL TODAY! RETURN TOMORROW AND WE SHALL TALK!

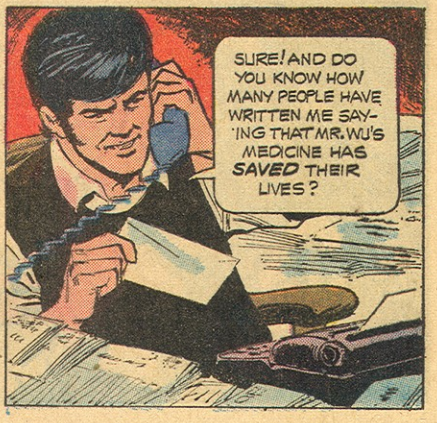
I'LL SAY YOU'RE SICK! RAGING FEVER CAUSED BY THIS INFECTED ARM! GOOD GRIEF--GANGRENE MAY BE SETTING IN! LET ME TREAT YOU!
IT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY! I HAVE BEGUN TREATMENT WITH CHINESE MEDICINE! I WILL BE WELL IN A DAY!

PENICILLIN COULD SAVE HIM! WITHOUT IT HE'LL BE DEAD BY TOMORROW! BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE A MAN USE PROPER MEDICATION---- EVEN TO SAVE HIS LIFE!
PITY! BUT I'VE GOT ONE HECK OF A STORY! A MAN WHO WILL DIE BECAUSE OF HIS FAITH IN THE QUACK MEDICINE HE SELLS!

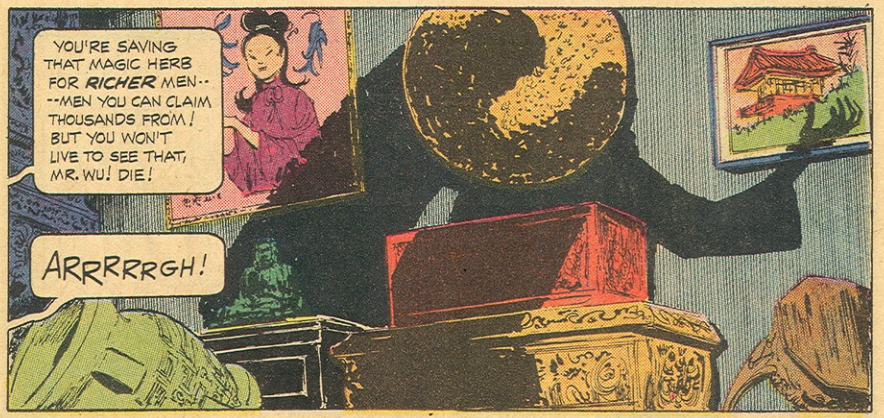

THE FOLLOWING DAY...
IT TURNED OUT TO BE A GREAT STORY! BUT I CAN'T TURN IT IN UNLESS MR. WU REALLY DID DIE! SUPPOSE HE CHICKENED OUT AND WENT TO A HOSPITAL AFTER ALL!

Y--Y--YOU'RE STILL ALIVE?! THEN YOU TOOK DR. MARTIN'S ADVICE AND GOT SOME PENICILLIN!
NOT AT ALL! TRUE, I AM CURED! NOT EVEN A SCAR ON MY WOUNDED ARM! BUT THE CURE WAS SZECHUAN GOLD, AN HERB IN THIS JAR!


AFTER THE STORY OF MR. WU'S MIRACULOUS CURE APPEARS....
DON, YOU FOOL! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT EVERY HEALTH FADDIST IN TOWN IS GOING TO THAT QUACK'S STORE... BECAUSE OF YOUR STORY?


SURE! AND DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE WRITTEN ME SAYING THAT MR. WU'S MEDICINE HAS SAVED THEIR LIVES?

HYPOCHONDRIACS! PEOPLE WITH IMAGINED ILLS! BUT OTHERS MAY DIE BECAUSE OF THAT PHONY STORY OF YOURS!
SO I EXAGGERATED A LITTLE! YOU'RE SORE BECAUSE MR. WU'S MAGIC SEEMS TO WORK! CALL ME WHEN YOU COOL OFF!
THEN, FOLLOWING MONTHS OF SILENCE BETWEEN THEM...
DON, I CAME TO BURY THE HATCHET! NO POINT IN--- HEY! YOU LOOK SICK AS A DOG!
YEAH! BLOOD POISONING! I GOT A CUT ON THE FOOT I DIDN'T TAKE CARE OF! BUT I'M GOING TO BE OKAY!
YOU IDIOT! YOU'RE HALF-WAY TO THE GRAVE! I'LL RUN DOWN AND GET SOME PENICILLIN AND---
FORGET IT! I TOLD YOU I'M GOING TO BE OKAY! NOW LEAVE ME ALONE! SCRAM!
I DON'T NEED ANY OF HIS ANTIBIOTICS! ALL I NEED IS MR. WU'S SZECHUAN GOLD! HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE CURED BY IT! AND I MADE IT POSSIBLE!
YES, YOU ARE VERY SICK! BUT THERE IS NO MORE SZECHUAN GOLD! THANKS TO YOUR ARTICLE, MY HUMBLE SHOP IS SOLD OUT! ANOTHER SHIPMENT IS DUE IN TWO WEEKS!
YOU'RE LYING! I MADE YOU A FORTUNE AND NOW YOU'RE HOLDING OUT ON ME--A DYING MAN!


YOU'RE SAVING THAT MAGIC HERB FOR *RICHER* MEN--
--MEN YOU CAN CLAIM THOUSANDS FROM! BUT YOU WON'T LIVE TO SEE THAT, MR. WU! DIE!
ARRRRRGH!

CRASH
CAN'T FIND THE KEY! BUT NOTHING WILL STOP ME! I'LL GET THAT MAGIC MEDICINE WITH MY BARE HANDS!

I'VE GOT IT! THE SZECHUAN GOLD! ANOTHER MOMENT AND I'M CURED!
OH NO! WU SPOKE THE TRUTH! THE JAR IS EMPTY!
UGGGGHH!

YOU WERE RIGHT, DR. MARTIN! HE CAME HERE AFTER THAT HERB AND HE DIED HERE!
IF ONLY I'D FIGURED IT OUT *SOONER!* I NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO TELL HIM WHAT I'D LEARNED ABOUT SZECHUAN GOLD FROM A CHINESE-AMERICAN DOCTOR!

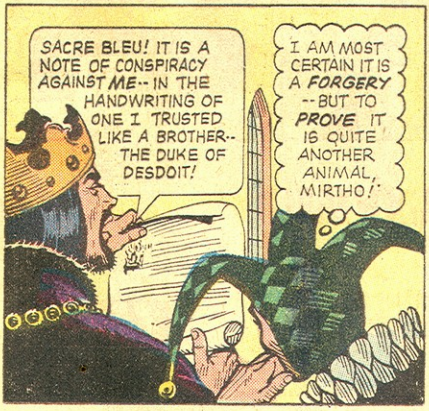
IT'S A PLANT MOLD, SIMILAR TO PENICILLIN, BUT ONLY ABOUT ONE-TENTH AS POWERFUL! IF HE HADN'T BELIEVED HIS OWN STORY, HE'D BE ALIVE TODAY!
IT IS TRULY WRITTEN: "THE GREATEST FOOL OF ALL IS THE LIAR WHO EATS HIS OWN LIE!"

THE TWILIGHT ZONE
Long Laugh The King!
MIRTHO THE MAGNIFICENT IS A KING'S JESTER! HE LIVES IN THE FUR-LINED SECURITY OF A 14TH CENTURY ROYAL COURT, EXQUISITELY PAMPERED AND PROTECTED, JUST SO LONG AS HE BRINGS JOY TO THE KING! BUT HUMOR IS A THIN THREAD FROM WHICH TO BE SUSPENDED! ESPECIALLY WHEN FAR BELOW THE JESTER'S DANGLING FIGURE LIES THE JAGGED, ROCKY LANDSCAPE OF... THE TWILIGHT ZONE!
GOOD KING LUDWIG RODE OFF TO WAR CAME BACK DEFEATED AND MORE THAN HEART SORE! OUUUCHH!
MARVELOUS, MIRTHO! HA HA HA! SUCH A FANTASTIC IMPERSONATION OF THAT SCOUNDREL LUDWIG! THE FOOL NEVER LEARNED HOW TO GET OFF A HORSE, MUCH LESS GET ON ONE! HA HA HA!

MIRTHO SKILLFULLY BLENDS HIS TALENT FOR IMPERSONATION WITH COSMETIC WIZARDY TO PLAY A THOUSAND ROLES...
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

AND SITTING AT THE KING'S RIGHT HAND GIVES THE JESTER GREAT PERSONAL POWER...
NOBLE KING, I BRING YOU A MOST IMPORTANT WARNING!
CAREFUL, SIRE! THIS ONE IS FRANCOIS OF SAARBURG! AN UNTRUSTWORTHY SCOUNDREL, BY HIS MOST ODIOUS REPUTATION!

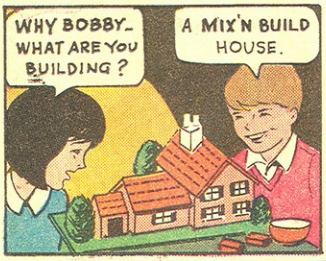
THIS IS MOST DISTASTEFUL FOR ME, MY LIEGE! BUT I HAVE UNCOVERED IRON-CLAD PROOF THAT A TRUSTED MEMBER OF THIS COURT PLOTS AGAINST OUR NOBLE KING!
TREASON? SPEAK YOU OF TREASON?

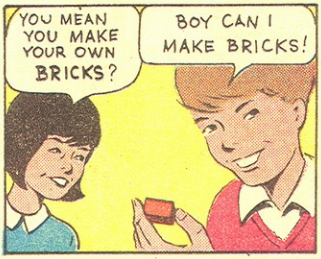

SACRE BLEU! IT IS A NOTE OF CONSPIRACY AGAINST ME-- IN THE HANDWRITING OF ONE I TRUSTED LIKE A BROTHER-- THE DUKE OF DESDOIT!
I AM MOST CERTAIN IT IS A FORGERY --BUT TO PROVE IT IS QUITE ANOTHER ANIMAL, MIRTHO!

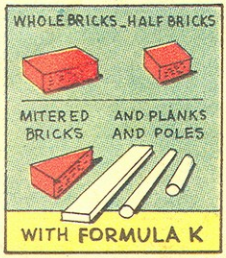
IT IS A FORGERY, SIRE, TO MAKE YOU DESTROY ONE OF YOUR MOST TRUSTED ALLIES! THE DUKE IS INNOCENT, I AM SURE OF IT!
PROOF, MIRTHO! THIS FRANCOIS BRINGS ME EVIDENCE OF HIS CHARGE--BUT WHERE IS YOURS?

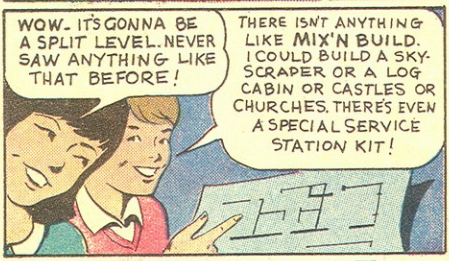
BOBBY THE SUPERBUILDER

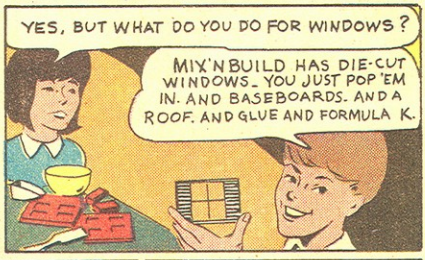
HIS SECRET: HIS MIX'N BUILD SUPER CONSTRUCTION SET

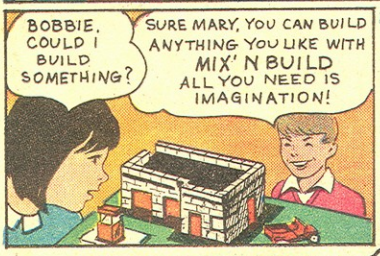












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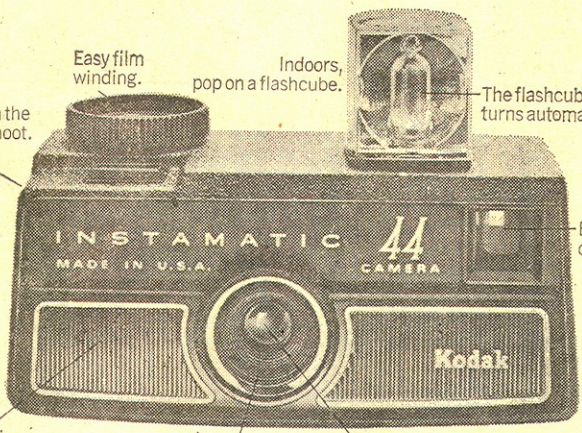

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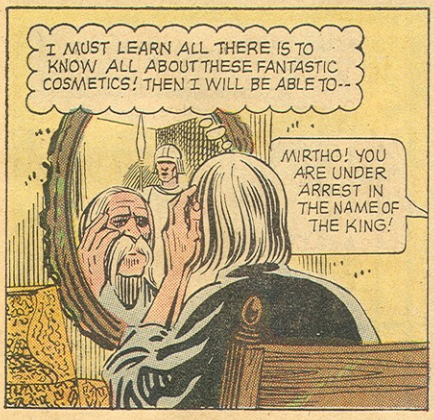
HAS NOT HENRI PROVEN HIS LOYALTY OFT TIMES IN THE PAST, SIRE?
WHO ELSE COULD BETRAY ME BUT ONE WHO *FIRST* BUILT MY TRUST? NO-- THE SCOUNDREL SHALL DIE 'NEATH THE AX!
BLESS YOU, MIRTHO! YOU KNEW MY INNOCENCE AND ENDANGERED YOURSELF BECAUSE OF IT!
WOULD THAT I COULD HAVE SUCCEEDED, NOBLE HENRI! ADIEU!
DEPRESSED, MIRTHO WANDERS INTO THE STRANGE SHOP OF AN OLD FRIEND AND CONFIDANTE...
BUBBLE!
BLOOP
BLIP!
HISS!
PERHAPS SIMON THE ALCHEMIST CAN EASE MY TROUBLED MIND! HE IS A GENIUS OF THE SCIENCES--AND THE BLACK ARTS, TOO!
FIRST YOU MUST BE *HONEST* WITH YOURSELF, MIRTHO! IT IS *MORE* THAN THE DEATH OF A GOOD MAN THAT IS BOTHERING YOU!
TRUE! FOR BY THAT DEED I HAVE LOST MUCH POWER IN COURT! MY WORD *NO MORE* IS LAW!
THEN REGAIN IT BY THE SAME METHOD BY WHICH IT WAS WON-- YOUR TALENT TO WRING LAUGHTER FROM THE KING!
BUT I HAVE USED EVERY ART I HAVE-- INCLUDING EVERY INGENIOUS TRICK YOU HAVE MADE FOR ME, SIMON!

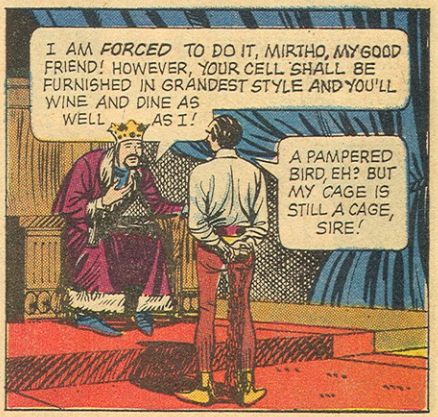
IN THIS CHEST ARE COSMETIC PAINTS AND PUTTIES OF AMAZING QUALITIES! A GIFT FROM AN ORIENTAL ALCHEMIST! TRY THEM, MIRTHO!
BUT YOU HAVE MADE SUCH THINGS FOR ME BEFORE! YET, IF YOU WISH ME TO TEST THEM, SO BE IT! I WILL TRY TO IMITATE YOUR OWN FACE!
IT'S TRUE, SIMON! THESE ARE INDEED FANTASTIC PAINTS! I HAVE NEVER SUCCEEDED IN IMITATING YOU BEFORE!
BUT WITH THESE, YOU HAVE BECOME MY EXACT DOUBLE!
WITH THESE TO EXTEND MY SKILLS, MIRTHO WILL RULE THE KING'S COURT AGAIN! THANK YOU, SIMON!
WHEN THEY WERE GIVEN ME A WARNING WENT WITH THEM-- WHO USES THEM FOR EVIL SHALL BE A PRISONER OF HIS OWN DEVICES! REMEMBER IT, MIRTHO!
THAT NIGHT, AS IF CELEBRATING THE EXECUTIONER'S SKILL, FRANCOIS DANCES GAILY...
FASTER, MUSICIANS! FASTER! THE FUNERAL IS OVER! YOU'RE PLAYING FOR A DANCE, NOW!
SUDDENLY, FRANCOIS IS AWARE OF A STRANGE SILENCE! AS HE TURNS SLOWLY..
NO! HENRI OF DESDOIT! YOU CAN'T BE ALIVE! I SAW YOUR EXECUTION!
TRUE, FRANCOIS! BUT I SHALL NOT REST IN MY GRAVE UNTIL YOU CONFESS THAT I WAS FALSELY ACCUSED!

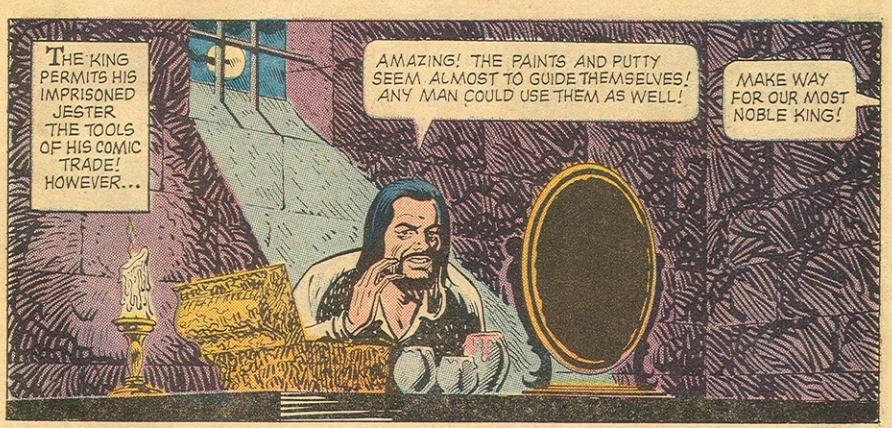
IN YOUR EYES I SEE YOU DOUBT THAT I AM THE MAN YOUR LIES SENT TO THE EXECUTIONER! LOOK WELL!
I LOOK! AND THERE IS NO DOUBT--YOU ARE THAT MAN! STAY AWAY FROM ME ...AWAY!
SPEAK, FRANCOIS! THE TRUTH!
WAIT! DON'T TOUCH ME WITH TH-THOSE GHOSTLY HANDS! I CONFESS-- I LIED! THE NOTE WAS A FORGERY! YOU ARE INNOCENT!
THEN, BEFORE THE AMAZED EYES OF THE COURT, THE GHOST PERFORMS A VERY UNGHOSTLY ACT...
WOOSH!
SACRE BLEU! WHAT IS THIS? A GHOST THAT TUMBLES LIKE MY GREATEST JESTER!
WHEN THE "GHOST" LANDS ON HIS FEET, THE COSMETIC CONVERSION HAS BEEN WIPED FROM HIS FACE...
HA HA HA! IT IS MIRTHO! THE MOST FABULOUS MIMICRY OF YOUR CAREER! LET FRANCOIS DIE FOR HIS BETRAYAL--AND LET YOU AMUSE US WITH ANOTHER IMPERSONATION!
THEN, WITH THE CHEST OF COSMETICS AT HIS SIDE...
FANTASTIC! I AM LOOKING AT MYSELF! MIRTHO, YOU SHALL RECEIVE A ROYAL GRANT FOR THIS NIGHT'S AMUSEMENT!
THANK YOU, MOST GENEROUS KING!... BUT YOUR LAUGHTER IS REWARD ENOUGH FOR THIS JESTER!

BUT CONSPIRACY, LIKE ICEBERGS, LIES FIVE-SIXTHS BELOW THE SURFACE--AND IS SLOW TO MELT...
FRANCOIS DIED WITHOUT BETRAYING THE REST OF US!... BUT IN TIME MIRTHO WILL DISCOVER THE WHOLE PLOT! SO WE MUST DESTROY HIM FIRST!

SIRE, WHAT IF MEN PLOTTING AGAINST YOU WERE TO SEIZE MIRTHO AND FORCE HIM TO IMPERSONATE YOU?
WHAT'S THAT? HMM...QUITE RIGHT--MY GOOD AND LOYAL JESTER COULD BE A GRAVE DANGER TO ME!


I MUST LEARN ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ALL ABOUT THESE FANTASTIC COSMETICS! THEN I WILL BE ABLE TO--
MIRTHO! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST IN THE NAME OF THE KING!


I AM FORCED TO DO IT, MIRTHO, MY GOOD FRIEND! HOWEVER, YOUR CELL SHALL BE FURNISHED IN GRANDEST STYLE AND YOU'LL WINE AND DINE AS WELL AS I!
A PAMPERED BIRD, EH? BUT MY CAGE IS STILL A CAGE, SIRE!


THE KING PERMITS HIS IMPRISONED JESTER THE TOOLS OF HIS COMIC TRADE! HOWEVER...
AMAZING! THE PAINTS AND PUTTY SEEM ALMOST TO GUIDE THEMSELVES! ANY MAN COULD USE THEM AS WELL!
MAKE WAY FOR OUR MOST NOBLE KING!

MIRTHO! AGAIN I AM STAGGERED! IT IS LIKE LOOKING INTO A MIRROR! YOU SEE WHY YOU ARE SO DANGEROUS TO ME!
NOT I, SIRE! IT IS THESE FACE PAINTS THAT DO IT! YOU COULD IMPERSONATE ANYONE WITH THEM YOURSELF!
TRY IT, MY KING! THEN WHEN YOU SEE THAT IT IS THE PAINTS THAT COULD DESTROY YOU, DESTROY THEM -- AND FREE ME!
A JOLLY NOTION! AND I SHALL IMPERSONATE NONE OTHER THAN--YOU! EVEN TO EXCHANGING OUR CLOTHES, MY JESTER!
YOU ARE RIGHT, MIRTHO--IT IS THE INGENIOUS COSMETICS! AND WITH THEM I CAN SPY ON ALL MY COURT! BUT I CAN NEVER FREE YOU TO DISCLOSE MY SECRET!
WHAT? YOU PROMISED TO FREE ME, MY KING! YOU GAVE YOUR WORD!..
YOU BETRAYED ME! I MAY HANG FOR THESE WORDS -- BUT I SAY, YOU ARE AN EVIL KING!
TREASON! THE PRISONER SHOUTS CRIMINAL INSULTS AGAINST THE KING!
YOU WILL DIE FOR THOSE FOUL WORDS, JESTER! DISHONOR TO THE KING IS PAYABLE WITH YOUR LIFE!
NO, YOU FOOLS! I AM THE KING! I!

LOOK, YOU IDIOTS-- IT'S ALL PAINT AND PUTTY! IT COMES RIGHT OFF MY FACE!
NOTHING IS COMING OFF, MIRTHO! YOU CANNOT REMOVE YOUR OWN SKIN!
BUT IT MUST! I TELL YOU IT IS A FALSE FACE!... WHY DOES IT NOT COME OFF?
SO THAT WAS THE MEANING OF THE WARNING... "WHO USES THEM FOR EVIL SHALL REMAIN A PRISONER OF HIS OWN DEVICES!" THE KING WILL WEAR MY FACE FOREVER!
COME, MY KING... THE JESTER HAS GONE COMPLETELY MAD! LET US LEAVE THE POOR FOOL!
NO! COME BACK! I TELL YOU--I'M THE KING! I'LL HAVE YOU ALL HANGED FOR THIS! I--AM--THE--KING!
HA-HA-HA!
VERY FUNNY, TUMBLINO! YOU ARE A FINE JESTER! BUT NONE CAN COMPARE WITH POOR MIRTHO! NOW--MAKE ME LAUGH MORE! HA HA HA! MORE!
THE "KING" LAUGHS ON AND ON, PERHAPS A BIT MORE THAN ANY OF HIS COURT! BUT THEN, NONE OF THEM KNOWS ABOUT THE PRIVATE AND BITTER JOKE OF FATE LOCKED AWAY IN THE CELL BELOW--JUST DOWN THE CORRIDOR FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE!

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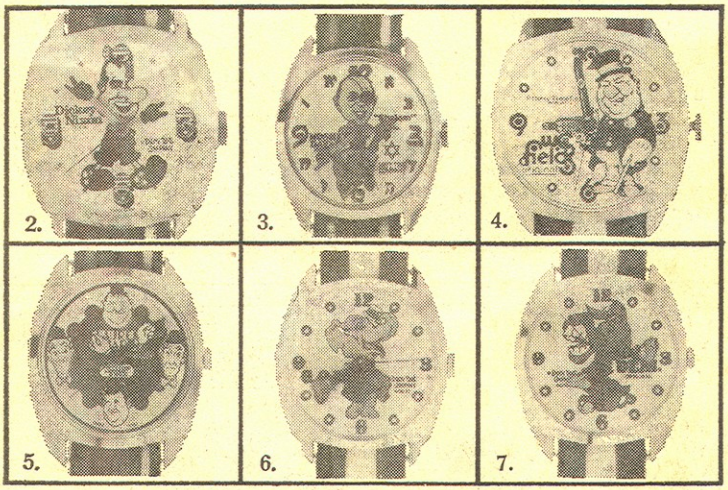

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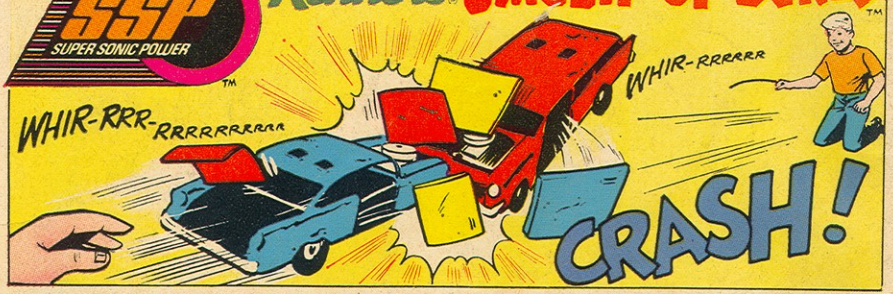
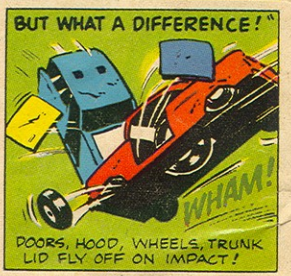
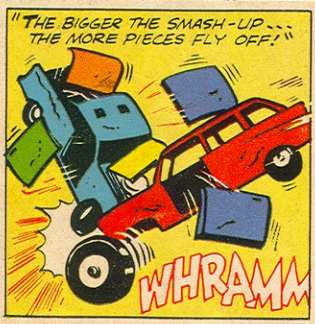
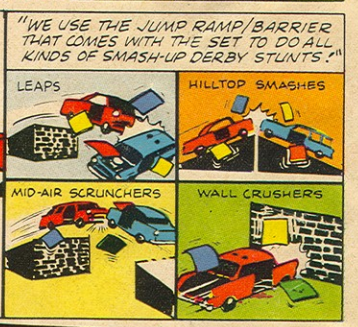
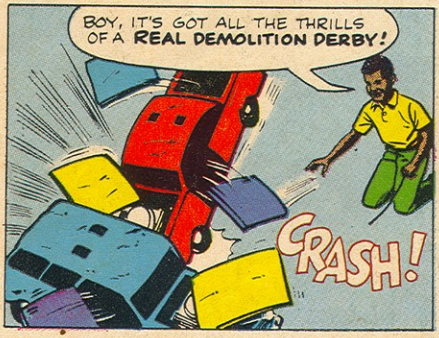
Kenner's SMASH-UP DERBY ™

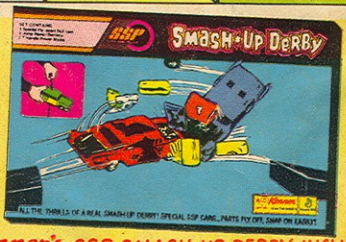












Kenner's SSP SMASH-UP DERBY INCLUDES:
2 SPECIAL FLY APART SSP RACERS EACH ABOUT 7" LONG WITH SCRUNCHED-UP DETAILING. HAVE HIDDEN GYRO-WHEEL WITH POWER SLOTS IN ROOF.
2 JUMP RAMP/BARRIER SIMULATED BRICK WALL WITH RAMP TO LEAP UP TO 4 FEET. 2 T-HANDLE POWER STICKS.